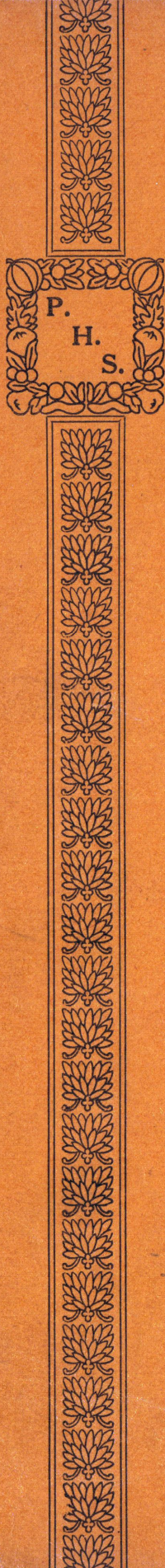


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October
1924

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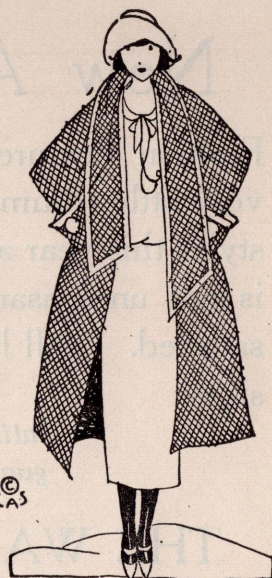
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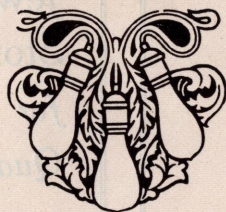
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The STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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No. 1

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Editor-in-Chief, Mildred McLaughlin

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What We Obtain From P. H. S.

FROM the student's viewpoint high school holds many attractions besides that of increasing one's brain power and ability to think. Say to any student in Pittsfield High, "Why do you go to school?" He will immediately say, "To improve my mind," but deep down in his heart he knows that he is drawn to school by a feeling of love of school life, a desire to make new friends, and an unexpressed wish to understand human nature.

When we first enter high school, the strangeness of a new schedule, the awe of teachers and seniors makes us timid and afraid. As time progresses, we take up athletics or join clubs, and the first spark of love for P. H. S. is kindled when we attend football games to yell ourselves hoarse for our team. Our school spirit soars until we almost burst to express our feelings. Our marks come in giving us happiness, satisfaction or discontent and perhaps the fear of the coming outburst at home. They make an impression which brings forth many resolves and about two weeks of hard work.

During our Sophomore and Junior years our school spirit and loyalty grow—to develop in our Senior year a devotion which we think must last a lifetime. Many spend their time practising football, basketball and baseball to defend Pittsfield in athletics. Some are furthering the school by developing student government. More are overworked publishing our worthy paper, *The Student's Pen*. To some who are born studious such things as marks, studies and classes are of great importance but to most of us they are classed equally with our efforts to win, and an attempt to make P. H. S. an ideal school and to encourage and improve our school spirit.

At the end of our Senior year we are in our glory. Everything about high school is friendly and inspires that quality known as "Loyalty." The greatest difficulty now is putting P. H. S. from the present to the past. Thus high school gives us not only work, suffering for our misdemeanors, hard trials with difficult subjects, but friendships made and kept and an understanding of our fellow creatures, which may help us more in our various lines than a card containing our A's or B's.

Katherine Ryan

The Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music

THE week of September 15th was one of great interest in Pittsfield and Berkshire County. First, because it was Memorial Week, a week which we as future citizens will never forget; second, it was New England week, a week set aside for the displaying of the products of New England; and third, because it was Music week, when world-famous artists and composers, the guests of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge, appeared for three wonderful days at the Temple of Music on South Mountain, in the eighth annual Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music.

The Music Temple is located on the south-eastern slope of the mountain, which is approached by a shady drive through the woods. On the south side of

the temple is the Music Colony where some of the artists and their families spend the summer. The temple is a church-like structure, the exterior painted white and crowned by a cupola. The auditorium seats five hundred persons, being divided into ten sections, seating fifty each. Six large glass doors open into the auditorium from the east. The lighting effect is very soft to the eyes, being the result of the pink shaded lights reflecting on the gray tinted walls.

The most famous artists that played in the temple during the recent festival were the violinists Georges Enesco and Jaques Gordan, the 'cellist Hans Kindler and the pianists Carl Friedberg and Harold Samuel. These artists assisted by the Lenox and South Mountain String-Quartets and other musicians brought to the audiences, that filled the temple, works of such "Old Masters", as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, as well as the compositions of the modern composers D'Indy, Carpenter, Gardner and Chausson.

I feel certain that those who have attended the Music Festival from this city and throughout the county, appreciate and thank Mrs. Coolidge for the privilege which has been theirs in hearing the whole series of concerts or a part of them at the Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music, September 17th, 18th and 19th, 1924.

R. D. Stevenson '26

Education

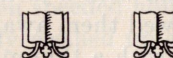
WITH the opening of school many hundreds of young people have decided to give up their schooling and start working. In many instances, it may have been a necessity but the great majority have decided that a high school or college education is not essential to success in life.

It is some of these boys and girls, who think they know everything worth while. Only those, who have not thought and studied, are positive that they know everything. The truly wise have found out that even the amount of their knowledge is nothing. It is true, that the more information a man has accumulated, the less he knows. In truth, this all means, that one can never acquire enough education.

It has been proven that an education does a great deal for you in the financial way. Compare the salaries of boys leaving school at fourteen and boys leaving school at eighteen when they both reach the age of 25. You will find that the salary of the boy who has received a high school education and worked earnestly is several thousand dollars a year more.

Getting an education is a business proposition, at least to get a high school education. Get an education while you can. Take the opportunities that are offered you.

Nettie Poch '25



"Engine Trouble?"

THE combined facts that Hallowe'en came on Saturday and that the Dean was in a pleasant frame of mind resulted in the decision to let the girls of Sanford Preparatory School have an informal Hallowe'en dance on October thirty-first.

* * * * *

In one of the dormitory rooms Fran Manwell and Patricia Allyn were seated—Fran, glanced up from the book she was reading as Pathy (short for Patricia) twirled a letter she had just read toward the waste basket with more force than aim.

"What now, Pathy dear?" asked Fran.

"Oh! Fiddlestick! Paul can't come Saturday and I had sent home for that ducky new dress to wear Saturday night and I've refused a trip to Boston and—everything!" Pathy finished with suspicious mist in her eyes.

"Well, that's a shame," exclaimed Fran, "I wonder" and then her face grew thoughtful as she murmured, "I wonder."

Fran was a very striking girl with soft black hair and deep blue eyes. Her tall, slim figure and fun-loving face attracted many admirers. She made a very attractive picture now, gazing thoughtfully through the window, chin in hand and a dimpled elbow resting lightly on her desk.

"Well", said Pathy expectantly, "a penny for your thoughts," smiling at Fran.

"I was just thinking," commenced Fran.

"So I perceived," responded Patty, strolling over to pick up her letter and to drop it inside the waste basket this time.

"Listen, my child, and you shall hear," began Fran once more, "not of the midnight ride of Paul Revere but of my scheme. Tho I hadn't intended to go Saturday, I think I will go. I'll ask Reed and his room mate to come up to the dance. Reed's such a good brother he'll bring Robert Spencer, that's his chum, along willingly. However, I haven't met this young fellow, but Reed is always singing his praise so I guess he must be nice. Wouldn't you like that, Patty?"

"Oh, it would be perfectly ripping," caroled Patty as she twirled around the room rumpling her fluffy brown hair adorably. "Perfectly scrumptious!"

* * * * *

Fran and Patty were put on the decoration committee for the dance, so after classes, Saturday morning, they set out in Rans's little roadster in search of autumn leaves. After various turns and twists they came to a beautiful spot where grouped on low-hung maple trees leaves in flaming colors bordered the road.

Patty sprang out of the car and with a jack knife cut off graceful branches without number. Fran busily stowed them away as best she could in the roadster. Jumping in Patty sat down with a thump as Fran stepped on the starter and away they went. After a short time Fran took a right hand turn to which Patty objected.

"Oh, this isn't right, Fran!" she exclaimed. "We must go a little further before turning." But Fran persisted and went ahead. When a few other turns and curves had been taken, a little frown wrinkled Patty's forehead and glancing at her chum she could see that Fran looked worried too. Fran drove the car to a halt as she stated simply, "I don't think we are on the right road. I'm sorry, Patty, that I was so obstinate, and what a plight we are in for I've taken so many twists and turns I don't know where or how to get back.

"Let's wait," suggested Patty, "till the next person comes along and then inquire the way."

They were not long in waiting for a grey car turned the corner behind them and sped toward the little roadster. Patty stood up and waved excitedly and the big car stopped beside them.

"Engine trouble?" inquired the good-looking young man from behind the wheel.

"Oh! no!" Patty answered. "We've lost our way and don't know how to get on to the State Road." The young fellow obligingly explained the way, keeping his bright eyes on Fran. Then Patty thanked him and he was soon lost to sight.

It was getting dusk now as the tiny roadster sped along the highway. By this time the occupants had developed amazing appetites. Passing the Maple View Inn, they saw the grey car drawn up alongside of the pavement. Evidently they weren't the only hungry persons.

"Goodness, Fran," cried Patty, "I'm just about famished but I don't see how we can stop for we must decorate the gym before supper. We really shouldn't have gone so far and"—Bang! S-s-s-s.

"Horrors!" exclaimed Fran, "we have a blowout," which of course was needless information.

After some time of pushing and pulling to get off the tire, Fran tilted wearily on her heels and wiped her forehead with the back of a dusty hand. She was a comical but appealing figure of rumpled dejection.

"Whew," this is hot work and Patty, I simply can't budge the old thing!" Fran cried. Patty was just about to cheer her up when a whirring noise was heard behind them. Well, if it wasn't the same grey car and its owner. The young man jumped out with a smile on his handsome face.

"Engine trouble?" he asked as before.

Fran smiled but then blushed with embarrassment as she looked down at her smudgy hands and rumpled skirt.

"No," she hesitated, "but we had a blowout and I never saw such a horrid old tire in my life."

"If you'll allow me, I'll put it on for you," he offered.

"Oh! thanks ever so much," cried Fran.

When the young fellow had made short work of the tire, the girls thanked him over and over again and then speeded homeward. However, this time they reached home safely and speedily washed up and went down to the gymnasium to trim it.

* * * * *

It was ten minutes of eight when Fran tripped down the long broad stairs, a charming figure in creamy chiffon and gold. Of course Patty followed her, girlish and blushing in her "ducky new dress." At the foot of the stairs was Ruddy and his chum.

"Fran," began Rud, "I want you———" But Fran only said "Why— Here Robert Spencer interrupted, "I have pleasantly met Miss Manwell before. I hope there isn't any engine trouble this time."

In his eyes was the hope that sometime he might have another chance to help this charming Fran who posed gracefully on the bottom step, gazing at him with twinkling blue eyes.

By Alice Canfield '26

The Strength of Despair

THE last days of camp were now at hand and Dick Newton sat gloomily in his lodge. The annual track and swimming meets were now taking place, and he had not a single trophy to show for his summer's training. His heart sank deeper and deeper, as he listened to his triumphant comrades eagerly talking of the ribbons they had won or expected to win. Of all the boys in his lodge, the one whom he tried to avoid the most was Jim Church, a westerner to whom he accorded all the hate that a gentle, retiring nature could possibly have against a self-centered, aggressive one. The very way in which this boy had said, "Well, I guess I'll spear another ribbon this afternoon," had jangled on his sensitive being and helped to increase his dislike for Jim. The latter had referred to the fifty yard swim which was the only ribbon event left to be run off.

First place was conceded to Adams, the camp speed wizard, but the real race was to be between Church and Davis for second place. The taunts of the other boys meant little to Dick, who tired their tongues and brains with his supreme indifference, but the thing that hurt him most was the silent scorn of Ken Lewis, his Junior Councillor, and the only boy in camp whom he respected and admired.

Afternoon came at last, and Dick lay on his back reading. Ralph Patterson, the swimming instructor, suddenly found that he was short a man for the fifty. He went out at once to get a substitute, and as fate would have it came first to Dick's lodge. To have refused the request would have meant an argument, so he gave in, and reluctantly donned his swimming suit and followed Keg. A half hour later he was huddled on the beach, waiting for his name to be called. The first person who saw him was Ken who was looking for a forgotten sweater. "Hello there, you, there's no swimming period today. Why are you in a bathing suit?" "I-I'm in the 50" said Dick with a sickly smile. "You in the 50? Why you jelly fish, you can't even stand up straight let alone race against fellows like Adams and Davis and Church! You in the 50! Huh! that's one for the 'Camp Journal!'" Then Ken walked off leaving Dick in a red rage which speedily turned to a cold fury. Call him a jelly fish would he? He'd show him! He'd show 'em all! The megaphone then called out the last major event, the fifty.

Dick ran into the water at the starting point with one solid idea in a whirling brain, to get into the race and show 'em all. He knew nothing else until the word

"go" sent them off. The next few moments for him were made up chiefly of gray water, gray sky, and four flying arms and legs, which he realized in a vague way were his own. Then suddenly he saw dimly that he was past the finish line. He stood up groggily and walked, or rather stumbled out onto land. He hurried to his lodge, dressed and started to walk. He afterwards learned that he had trudged nearly five miles, and finally cooled off.

At the banquet that night the prize ribbons were being distributed, and Dick sat patiently thru the ceremonies. The head councillor was now speaking something about a boy who had not at first seemed interested in camp activities, and who had made a glorious showing in the fifty. He also realized that Adams had been disqualified for some reason, and then it seemed as if he was in a dream, for it was not to Church, not to Davis that Mr. Tutram was carrying the blue ribbon of victory, but to him, Dick Newton! As he staggered outside, still half incredulous he heard a voice, Ken's voice, saying, "Fine work old man, I knew it was in you!" And he realized with a flood of enlightenment, that after all life was very sweet, and the obstacles of youth are never insurmountable.

J. H. Walker '27

Helen's Ghost

IT was All Hallows Eve—a crisp moonlit night, full of mystery and enchantment Helen Burns, sitting by the window alone for the first Hallowe'en that she could remember, because she had been so remiss as to escape the measles in her younger days, and so had fallen victim to them during her Junior year, looked out upon the bright landscape with a rather long face.

The gaunt limbs of the trees tossed themselves in the rising wind. Clouds scudded across the face of the moon.

The house seemed unnaturally still, for Mr. and Mrs. Burns had gone to the theatre. A faint light burned in the hall and Helen, looking from the brightness of the living room into the flickering shadows on the stairs, felt that she could never have courage to mount them to the dark upstairs room on her way to bed.

It was nearly ten o'clock. Helen sighed thankfully. Soon her mother and father would be home. She picked up the book she was reading. It was not exactly the thing for a solitary person to read for it was the "Hound of the Baskervilles", by Sir Conan Doyle.

The wind whistled through the upper hall, coming from the opened windows of the sleeping rooms. A door banged. Helen jumped.

Suddenly a prickling sensation played around her spine. Her book fell from her hand. What—What was that? That low hair-raising groan. She sat up in her chair listening intently.

Silence! Low but rising until it became distinct—a moan, a groan, a wail—shuddering into silence.

Helen's teeth began to chatter, her hands became clammy. She was utterly unable to move. Horrible visions of deserted houses from all the ghost stories she had ever read floated before her eyes.

Again came the moanful, long groan, dying gradually away. Was it true that ghosts walked freely on this night? Helen had laughed at such notions before but O-o-o-h came the moan. Helen turned and buried her face in the chair.

Sudden steps on the walk, on the porch a click of the lock, and her mother entered.

"Well, Well," began her father, but Helen stopped him with raised hand and trembling voice, "Oh father, mother, there is *something* or *somebody* in this house. Oh, it makes the most awful noise. It sounds as if—There! hear it?" "O-o-o-o-oh" rose the weird wail.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns looked at each other. "What is it?" whispered Mrs. Burns.

"Well", announced Mr. Burns after a moment's breathless silence, "We'll see".

Snapping on the lights as he went he started through the lower rooms, Mrs. Burns and Helen following a little timidly, but when he started upstairs, they stopped at the foot and stood watching him. They heard him go through the rooms and snap on the lights. Then they heard him push open a door, a light snapped—then laughter, "Ha! Ha! Oh Helen come up and see your ghost". Helen and her mother quickly climbed the stairs. Mr. Burns was sitting on the edge of the bath tub, smiling broadly. "Listen", said he.

"O-o-o-oh", close to it the sound was not so ghostly. The high wind had blown loose the big rubber shower bath attachment and falling inside the tub, as it swung back and forth in the breeze, it rubbed against the side of the tub making a sound that, through the half closed bathroom door, seemed too true to be good.

"The ghost of the bath-tub", laughed Mr. Burns, pinching his daughter's cheek.

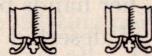
Frances Drinon,
Commercial

De Senectute

To open up a story book,
Was once my chief delight,
And read of fairies everywhere,
All a-dancing in the light.

But now to sit in a shady nook,
And read of knights of old,
They take the place of fairy tales,
That once I read and told.

Geraldine Karner,
Commercial



Gifts

At times I get a-thinking
Of gifts I've always had
A dear, old, cozy homestead,
A mother dear, and dad,
A little sister, Mildred,
A lovely friend so true,
A laughing, dancing playmate,
Ah yes, a lover too.

All day I keep on thinking,
Brown studies fill my mind,
And all my dreams go wand'ring
To thoughts of friends so kind.
But when the dark is coming
I'll put these musings by,
And guide my dreams to the setting sun,
In far off, western sky.

Ida Lussier, Commercial

A Violin

The music rose—then fell;
Then quivering, rose again,
And, in the air, was left suspended
One last, sad, silver strain.
I sighed—I knew not why,
And silent stood,
And seemed from all the world apart.
I wondered what divine power a violin had,
To leave that faint pain in my heart.
Then from the violin was born another melody;
This time the tune was gay.
At once I visioned dancers,
Now tripping near, and then away,
Around and 'round they swirled!
Then—all at once the music ceased.
Once more I sighed,
I knew again an ordinary world.

Elaine Carruthers

Book Reviews

What Are You Reading?

A few years ago I read in this magazine an article with the title I have taken. Although I hope I will not be criticized for plagiarism, "What Are You Reading" is so altogether suitable that it must remain.

Of course you've read the "wild and wooly" novel of the great open spaces, "When a Man's a Man." No? Oh, you've missed a great deal, then. As the movie ads say, "Come and see a great melodrama, of pathos and heart throbs and breath-taking thrills," etc., etc., ad finitum. This might be written as the foreword, introduction and preface (and epitaph) of any of our great western "thrillers."

But, perhaps, you are an intellectual, and belong to that vaguely defined class of people, the (intelligenzia). Then, without doubt, you are familiar with, and could recite passages from those books that tell us what deluded morons we are, what unthinking animals. You know that our so-called knowledge is but a childish imagination and education a farce. This kind (the common garden variety, that is) is not purely American. The author will have a Russian name, preferably, with a few college degrees after it, the only requirements for successful writing of this "bunk" being evidently, a foreign name, very long and unpronounceable.

No, I have not forgotten the prime favorite. It is called "Folly of Youth" or "The Arab's Love" and is the species that is usually found hidden in the bureau drawer, or underneath the mattress. The heroine is beautiful but virtuous. She is led astray by the false glitter of the big metropolis, with two hundred pages of somewhat lurid prose, and a shiek (necessary adjunct) scattered about profusely over the whole thing. Of course, the sweet girl finds a man at the end, who appreciates her innocence and protects her from the wicked "shiek."

If you have not yet found your favorite among these three types, you are very hard to please, and like a lot of us will just have to keep on looking for a writer, who will reward your faith in authors in general.

M. Tompkins '26

General John J. Pershing

The United States Army has lost a loyal, skillful and courageous general, in the necessary retirement of General John J. Pershing from active service! Since the age limit for officers in the army extends only to sixty-five years, Gen. Pershing was forced to surrender a great and responsible position, in which as Commander-in-Chief of all the U. S. forces during the World War, he fought 'for the freedom of the nation and the glory of the flag' so valiantly, so bravely and so courageously. Gen. Pershing's successor is to be Major-General Hines, who is also a noted Army man, having seen active service in the Spanish-American War, in the Philippines, and again in the World War.

The career of General Pershing has been brilliant and noteworthy of greatest praise as is shown in the following brief sketch of his life:—

- I. 1860—Born September 13, in Linn County, Missouri.
- II. 1880—Was graduated from an academy at Kirksville, Missouri.
- III. 1882—Entered West Point Military Academy.
- IV. 1886—Was graduated from West Point and made Second Lieutenant in the army. Served in a campaign against the Apache Indians in Arizona and New Mexico.
- V. 1890-91—Served in a campaign against the Sioux Indians.
- VI. 1891-1895—Military instructor in the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.
- VII. 1897-1898—Instructor of military affairs at West Point.
- VIII. 1898—Served in Cuba during Spanish-American War.
- IX. 1899-1903—Served in Philippine Islands.
- X. 1905—Held a position with Japanese army in the Russian-Japanese War.
- XI. 1906-14—Served in the Philippines again and conquered the savage Moro tribes.
- XII. 1916—Was in command of United States troops sent to Mexico, to pursue Villa, a famous Mexican bandit.
- XIII. 1917-1919—Served in France as Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces.
- XIV. 1921-1924—Served as Chief of Staff of the Army in which position he is succeeded on Sept. 13, 1924 by Maj.-General John L. Hines.

Ione C. Howard '26

"K" by Mary Roberts Rinehart

"Home is the hunter, home from the hill;
And the sailor, home from the sea."

"K" Le Moyne was singing snatches of this, as he jaunted along the street to the little brick house where he was to make his home with the Page family. Where had he come from, why had he come to this village and why, at the age of thirty, had he dropped entirely out of the world which had come to know him, and to need him? Why, then, should he be content to settle down in this quiet little place where Sydney Page, a pretty and extremely lively young girl of 18, is living with her mother and her Aunt Harriet? It is around this mystery that the theme of the story is centered—the lives of Sydney Page, "K", Dr. Max, an eminent surgeon of the town, and Joe, a childhood acquaintance of Sydney's are woven together in a most fascinating way and give to the story an added touch of romance.

One thing the author does tell you at the opening of the story—that is that "K" has been a famous surgeon. But, as for the rest of his past, one is kept guessing until almost the very end of the book.

It really is a splendid story—the action going on in a rapid manner, the plot involved somewhat deeply but nevertheless, in an interesting way. But then, one must really read this newest and greatest attempt at fiction by Mrs. Rinehart, to appreciate it thoroughly!

Ione C. Howard '26

An Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt

A most interesting book is that in which Theodore Roosevelt tells of his early life, travels, and political as well as domestic life. All through the book are little anecdotes which, although not essential to the general theme add greatly to the interest of the story.

Theodore Roosevelt was born on October 28, 1858. As a child he was not well and could not participate in the sports of other boys. Therefore he became a great student. He read and understood books far beyond his age. Still he did not make as much progress in school as one might expect, on account of his failing health. At last his parents took him abroad. He resided in Italy for about a year but he gained very little in health and upon returning home, at about sixteen years of age, he was as weak as when he had started. His father believed in gymnastics and fitted up a gymnasium for his son, hoping to improve his health by this means. By gradually increasing the difficulty of these exercises he gained strength and upon reaching his majority he was able to stand the most strenuous exercise.

He attended Harvard College and there he indulged in boxing which did a great deal toward strengthening his muscles. He also took to horseback-riding, while at college and since he was troubled with asthma the open air was exceptionally good for him. After graduating from Harvard he went to Africa where he was enjoying open air and vigorous exercise all the time, hunting the ferocious animals of this tropical climate.

As a profession, Roosevelt studied law. He was first nominated police commissioner through the influence of one of the energetic officers on the force. It is unnecessary to say that he was overwhelmingly elected. It has been said that the police force and the public were never so well satisfied as when Roosevelt was in control. He was capable of handling every situation however trying. His procedure and success are pretty well expressed in a jingle, which the officers often recited, about him namely:

"First in war, First in peace

First to 'shake up' the New York police."

His ability as police commissioner gave him the nomination to the legislature in 1881. He served here three consecutive years. After this, feeling need of more outdoor life, he took a trip out west and tried ranching for a short period, which greatly improved his health.

Upon his return in 1889 he was appointed Civil Service Commissioner and served six years. He next served his county as president of the police commission. In this office his work was efficient and permanent. In 1897 he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy by appointment. During the first part of the Cuban War he managed the navy from this country but when the war came to a crisis he felt that the need was greater where the actual fighting was taking place, consequently he organized the "Rough Riders" and embarked for the south. Here he and his company endured great hardships and encountered many dangers. Roosevelt and his brave company might be found wherever there was the greatest need.

In 1898, only a few days after his return, he became Governor of New York and retained this office for two terms. He then spent a year in private at Sagamore Hill. But in 1900 he was again called to serve his country, this time as vice-president. In 1901 he was made, perhaps, the most powerful man in the world, (by President McKinley's death) President of Our United States. As president we all know that he rendered our country excellent service. After the completion of his partial term he was triumphantly reelected. During his administration he advocated forest preservation, constructed dams in the rivers taking advantage of the water power, completed the construction of the Panama canal, and extended irrigation over heretofore uncultivated lands. "Our country has derived lasting benefit from the excellent service of Theodore Roosevelt."

Lulu Vreeland '26

Icebound

Icebound—they were—mind and soul, like the land in which they lived. There was Henry Jordon, the eldest, his two sisters, Ella and Sadie, and their brother Ben, the black sheep of the family. When their mother died they found that her wealth, which they so coveted, was left to Jane Crosby, a young relative whose life had been molded in a different cast than theirs. All hated her (except perhaps Ben) but fawned about for gifts and loans. Ben, she had taken under

and changed from a worthless young fellow to a man who could work So the Man in the Mc finds the Jordons satisfied, and Ben and

And guarded the woth the Old Jordon Homestead.

I think he ought to havy Owen Davis. "I write" he says, "of For giving light the vions of stern New Englanders." It is a d souls and poor, of understanding and

M. Varcoe

Aut—

It is a gloomy Autties

Cold winds are iself with a problem on his hands. A

The sun imparts l, Windsor's great friend, of stealing

The clouds are or a race-horse which De Levis sold

he smart set of London at once sided

The trees are strippy young Jew, with no ancestry, while

The grass is withes, with perhaps a hidden story or two

The streams are ch that.

As we go passinghis trouble, in spite of evidence against with their lives. This makes the out-

We do not hear th Dancy's guilt is brought forth with a Nor smell the s

We miss the charalsworthy, one of our modern writers.

That we heardent success in New York, for the play is

alsworthy can write.

M. Varcoe

An Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt

A most interesting book is that in which Theodore Roosevelt tells of his early life, travels, and political as well as domestic life. All through the book are little anecdotes which, although not essential to the general theme add greatly to the interest of the story.

Theodore Roosevelt was born on October 28, 1858. As a child he was not well and could not participate in the sports of other boys. Therefore he became a great student. He read and understood books far beyond his age. Still he did not make as much progress in school as one might expect, on account of his failing health. At last his parents took him abroad. He resided in Italy for about a year but he gained very little in health and upon returning home, at about sixteen years of age, he was as weak as when he had started. His father believed in gymnastics and fitted up a gymnasium for his son, hoping to improve his health by this means. By gradually increasing the difficulty of these exercises he gained strength and upon reaching his majority he was able to stand the most strenuous exercise.

He attended Harvard College and there he indulged in boxing which did a great deal toward strengthening his muscles. He also took to horseback-riding, while at college and since he was troubled with asthma the open air was exceptionally good for him. After graduating from Harvard he went to Africa where he was enjoying open air and vigorous exercise all the time, hunting the ferocious animals of this tropical climate.

As a profession, Roosevelt studied law. He was first nominated police commissioner through the influence of one of the energetic officers on the force. It is unnecessary to say that he was overwhelmingly elected. It has been said that the police force and the public were never so well satisfied as when Roosevelt was in control. He was capable of handling every situation however trying. His procedure and success are pretty well expressed in a jingle, which the officers often recited, about him namely:

"First in war, First in peace

First to 'shake up' the New York police."

His ability as police commissioner gave him the nomination to the legislature in 1881. He served here three consecutive years. After this, feeling need of more outdoor life, he took a trip out west and tried ranching for a short period, which greatly improved his health.

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M. Varcoe

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Pittsfield, Mass.



Let us show you
"history" in furniture.
The influences of dif-
ferent periods on
furniture is very
interesting



Rice & Kelly
"Good Furniture"

"A Night in October"

The man in the moon looked down and smiled
At the quiet scene below,
While a happy grin came o'er his face
And he said to himself "Heigh-o!"

It seems to me as if the world
Is as silent as the Sphinx,
While the only one who is awake
Is that watchful owl, the wise old minx.

He's sitting there in that maple tree,
With eyes so round and bright,
He's on the watch from now till morn.
Poor bird! I envy not your plight.

Of course I have to light the world.
Or else I'd loose my job,
The boys and girls would miss me so.
And think of the houses thieves might rob.

So the Man in the Moon stayed up all night
And guarded the world till dawn was due.
I think he ought to have some thanks
For giving light the whole night thru.

Amelia Nagelsmidt

Autumn

It is a gloomy Autumn day,
Cold winds are sweeping by,
The sun imparts but little warmth,
The clouds are lower in the sky.

The trees are stripped of all their green,
The grass is withered and dry,
The streams are chilled, no fishes flash,
As we go passing by.

We do not hear the birds' sweet song,
Nor smell the scent of flowers,
We miss the charm of the buzzing bee,
That we heard through summer hours.

Mary Kearney,
Commercial

Student Activities

Senior A Class Officers

Class Adviser, Miss Pfeiffer
President, Matthew Jacoby
Vice-President, Leonard Wills
Secretary, Mildred McLaughlin
Treasurer, Janet Macbeth
Executive Committee { Emma Paro
 Lester Perkins
 Carlton Lind

The Senior A class wishes to announce that it has decided to hold a "Senior Hop".

Watch for the date!

Mildred McLaughlin

Senior B Class Officers

President, James Maloy
Vice-President, Agnes Wentworth
Secretary, Lois Young
Treasurer, Helen Patten
Executive Committee { Francis McMahon
 Elizabeth Bradley
 Isabell Loveless

The Students' Council organized for the new term on Sept. 12, 1924. The meeting was held in the Library, period A. Mr. Strout presided at the meeting. The officers for the new year were elected as follows: Pres.—Mathew Jacoby, Vice-Pres.—Maxine McClatchey, Secretary—Isabel Patnode, and an Executive Committee made up of the officers and Miss Killian, Miss Taylor, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Hickey. We have also formed five committees. Each member of the Council is to serve on at least one of the Committees. The Council will meet every Friday. We expect to do some work this year. Don't hesitate to let us know your troubles.

Isabel Patnode,
 Sec'y

The Etiquette Club

The Etiquette Club has organized again this year under the capable supervision of Miss Kaliher. There are thirty-two members, some of whom were in the club last year. The first meeting was held September twelfth, when officers were elected. James MacIntosh was chosen president, Meta Hawkins secretary, William Prodgers chairman of the program committee, and Donald Merrill vice chairman of the program committee. The general plan of the club will be to hold discussions on different topics pertaining to etiquette, and to give at intervals, plays that will present specific examples of good breeding. The aim of club is to overcome selfconsciousness by teaching "up to the minute" forms in etiquette, and consequently developing poise.

Meta Hawkins '26

The Debating Club opened with thirty members and elected Theodore Childs, President and Carmen Massimiano, Secretary. One meeting was devoted to the study of argumentation and debate.

Among the subjects discussed are:

Resolved:

1. That General Pershing should have not been forced to resign because of his age.
2. That gasoline tax should be adopted in Massachusetts.
3. That inter-class athletics are more beneficial than inter-school.

Carmen Massimiano '26
 Secretary

STUDENT'S PEN

19

Public Speaking Club

The Public Speaking Club, under the supervision of Miss Pfeiffer, now meets in the Drawing Room, and has elected for its officers, Mr. Harding, permanent chairman, and Miss Burt, secretary.

Radio Club

President, Franklin Gamwell
Vice-President, Robert Burbank
Secretary, Margaret Connally
Treasurer, Herrick Cook
 Margaret Connally

Student Activities

Room 1

President, Henry Edwards
Secretary, Albert Sugden
Treasurer, John Sullivan
Students' Council, { Madeline Carrow
 John Walker

Room 3

President, Edgar Hubbel
Secretary-Treasurer, Robert McLaughlin
Students' Council, { Mary Thorney
 Arthur Milne

Room 4

President, Joseph Wood
Vice-President, Henry Garrison
Secretary, Thomas Hanford
Treasurer, Willard Yates
Students' Council, { Hazel Taylor
 Merrill Tabor

Room 5

President, Wesley Noble
Vice-President, Robert Pomery
Secretary, Donald Lyon
Treasurer, Marion McGee
Students' Council, { Marion Simmons
 Lawrence Polly

AMOHAWK Bottled
 Beverage is food. It is composed of sugar, plus pure flavoring, plus carbonated water.

It is served to you, in perfectly clean, sterilized, hermetically sealed bottles.



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 Coca-Cola Corp.
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Knicker Trousers
 Golf Hose
 Sweaters
 Caps



H. S. Taylor & Son

Room 6

President, Miss Henry
Secretary, Engleman
Students' Council, Killiam-Dubbois

Room 8

President, Margaret Smith
Vice-President, Sydney Cusick
Treasurer, Nathan Weinstein
Secretary, Marjorie White
Students' Council, { Ethel Chapman
 Listin Tanner

Room 9

President, Carmen Massimiano
Secretary-Treasurer, Esther Lipsheez
Students' Council, { Maxine McClatchey
 Daniel Potter

Room 11

President, Robert Forrest
Secretary, Ione Howard
Treasurer, Doris Carruthers
Students' Council, { Mary Condron
 Theodore Childs

Room 12

President, Howard Hulsman
Secretary, William Whalen
Treasurer, Thomas Meagher
Students' Council, { Kathleen Roscoe
 James Hickey

Room 13

President, Everett Stewart
Secretary, Lois Young
Treasurer, Agnes Wentworth
Students' Council, { Marie Cullen
 Arvo Salo

Room 14

President, Helen Patten
Secretary, James Maloy
Treasurer, Martin Riely
Students' Council, { Margaret Maloney
 Charles Edwards

Room 16

President, Fayette Controy
Vice-President, Franklin Gamwell
Secretary-Treasurer, Evelyn Anderson
Students' Council, { Isabel Patnode
 Matthew Jacoby

Room 17

President, William Pomeroy
Treasurer, Roy Moore
Secretary, Margaret Murphy
Students' Council, { Kathryn Ringie
 Edward Jackson

Room 19

President, John Condron
Vice-President, Sumner Gamwell
Secretary, Edgar Almstead
Treasurer, Edward Callan

Room 20

President, Madeline Pritchard
Secretary, Grace Pratt
Treasurer, Hellen Reinhardt
Students' Council, { Constance Boudreau
 William Gimlick

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Home Room Officers

Room 3

President, Charles Leahy
Vice-President, Helen Wolff
Secretary-Treasurer, Elizabeth Hoff
Students' Council, { Dorothy Rice
 Martha McDonald

Room 4

President, Rogerson Kelly
Secretary, Celia Manley
Treasurer, Sara Boner
Students' Council, { Doris Furey
 Clifford Heidel

Room 5

President, Helen Knox
Vice-President, Harold Dapson
Secretary, Geraldine Bradway
Treasurer, Annabelle Bergeron

Room 6

President, Anne Rogers
Vice-President, Geraldine Karner
Secretary-Treasurer, Ida Lussier

Room 7

President, Nettie Sackett
Vice-President, Joseph Hickey

Room 8

President, Stanton McCroary
Secretary-Treasurer, Eva Knight
Students' Council, { Mildred Rice
 Francis Kennedy

Room 9

President, Hattie Hinckley
Vice-President, Helena Carmel
Secretary-Treasurer, Elsie Elfving

Room 10

President, Maude Thompson
Vice-President, Sybil Sexton
Secretary-Treasurer, Gertrude Shepardson

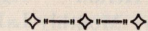
The Senior "B" Class have elected the following officers:

President, Olaf Anderson
Vice-President, Francis Kennedy
Secretary, Nettie Sackett
Treasurer, Mildred Rice

Army & Navy Store

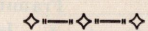
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GEORGE W. HENZEL

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Exchanges

We wish to acknowledge the following:

The Bumble "B"	Boone, Iowa
The Blue and Gold	Malden, Mass.
Boston University News	Boston, Mass.
The Catamount	Bennington, Vt.
Central Outlook	St. Joseph, Missouri
The Clarion	Fair Haven, Vt.
The Comment	St. Paul, Minn.
Drury Academe	North Adams, Mass.
The Echo	Thompsonville, Conn.
Garnet & White	Westchester, Penn.
The Herald	Holyoke, Mass.
The High School Herald	Westfield, Mass.
Hotchkiss Literary Monthly	Lakeville, Conn.
The Item	Dorchester, Mass.
The Item	Amsterdam, N. Y.
The Index	Worcester, Mass.
The "J"	Joliet, Ill.
The Jeffersonian	Rochester, N. Y.
The Philomath	Framingham, Mass.
The Reflector	Jackson, Mich.
The Reflector	Woburn, Mass.
The Racquet	Portland, Maine
Ri-Chu-R	Stowe, Vt.
The Sheaf	Saskatchewan, Canada
The Signal	Columbia, Tenn.
Taconic	Williamstown, Mass.
Top O' The Hill	Gorin, Mo.
Tech News	Worcester, Mass.
The Omega	Omaha, Neb.
The Volunteer	Concord, N. H.
Winooski High School Banner	Winooski, Vt.
Willistonian	Easthampton, Mass.
The Albanian	Washington, D. C.
The Triangle	Troy, N. Y.

As They See Us

The Student's Pen, Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass.—The story "Santa Claus Gives a Party," is clever. We congratulate you on your championship in football.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.

The Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.—Of all the fascinating covers we have seen on our exchanges yours can't be beaten. R. Hayn deserves to be praised; here is ours. You have a fine collection of poetry. We liked your "Bobby Takes Dorothy to Her First Baseball Game."

Oracle, Mount Vernon High School.

As We See Them

The Orange Peals, Orange, Mass.—We liked your Commencement number, your cuts were clever. We enjoyed the class prophecy and the pictures which were very clear.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.—A fine little magazine as usual. Your Commencement number was interesting especially the Class Directory.

The Oracle, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—You must have a clever cartoonist. Your stories and jokes were very good. Come again we enjoyed you.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.—We liked the individual pictures. The class prophecy was quite original. A few jokes would improve your paper.

Everybody Happy?

Brother's lost a button from his \$14 shirt,
Mother's sewing fastners on her \$40 skirt,
Sister's nice and comfy in her \$80 fur,
And father works like 60 for his \$30 per.

Mrs. Bennet: "You are always behind in your studies."

B. Klein: "Well you see, ma'am it gives me a chance to pursue them."

Miss Morse: "Why is history so hard?"

M. MacArthur: "Because we've had a stone age, a bronze age, and an iron age."

C. Delmarter: What shall we do tonight?

J. Dormer: I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies, tails we'll go to a dance, and if its stands on edge we'll study.

Miss Pfeiffer: "Cohen do you know you've misspelled nearly every word in your composition?"

Cohen: "Yes, ma'am. I'm going to be a dialect writer."

Lover (to his sweetheart): No one knows how I love you.

(A voice under the sofa): Yes, I do. If you don't give me a quarter I'll tell papa.

STUDENT'S PEN

23

Jokes Please!

If you have a little news
Please hand it in!
Or some joke that will amuse
Please hand it in.
A story it may not be true,
Some school notes, they are always new.
The Student's Pen wants to hear from you.
Please hand it in!

Mildred McLaughlin

Mr. Brierly: What do we import from Italy?

Leonard Wills: Italians!

Mrs. Bennet: What kind of people founded Georgia?

A. Salo: Georgia was founded by people who were executed.

H. Cote: I want a couple of pillow cases.

Clerk: What size?

H. Cote: I don't know, but I wear a size seven hat.

Dalton Will Never Have Anything on Pittsfield

A fellow from Dalton came to Pittsfield the other day just to look around and find fault. He approached a fruit-stand, picked up a large melon, and asked with a sneer:

"Is this the largest apple you have in Pittsfield?"

"Hey," bellowed the owner of the fruit-stand, "put that grape down."

Miss Morse: "What are the Middle Ages?"

Maloy: "Why, the Middle Ages, are the ones which, when the women reach, they stop counting."

Ed. Condron: "So that's your new overcoat?"

Av. Stewart: "Yes, this is it."

Ed. Condron: "Isn't it rather loud?"

Av. Stewart: "It's alright, when I put on my muffler."

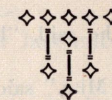
Miss Pfeiffer: Jacoby, if you took a period in History and wrote on it what kind of an essay would it be?

Jacoby: Periodical!

SUPERIOR

(The Bright Spot of North St.)

Giftos Brothers



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Engraver



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Union Block, Dalton

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 OF PITTSFIELD



Branches---Morningside and Dalton

L. Wills: "I have a Ford; what kind of a car have you?"

J. Dormer: "Wilys Knight."

L. Wills: "That's a good car too!"

Clerk: "This book will do half your work."

Elaine Carruthers: "Give me two—quick."

Miss Powers: I suppose you don't know much about Tennyson's works?

Anna Quirk: No I can't say I do, though I know most of the factories in town.

Emma Paro to Katherine Coughlin: See that fellow over there. I wouldn't speak to him if I met him on the street.

K. Coughlin: Why not?

E. Paro: I don't know him.

Mrs. Bennet: Maloy name the presidents up to date.

Maloy: I can't remember them all.

Mrs. Bennet: But I could when I was your age.

Maloy: Yes, but there were less then.

Mr. Hayes: Miss MacArthur, where is Memorial Park?

M. MacArthur: I can't exactly explain where it is but I could take you there.

Mr. Hayes: I'm very sorry Miss MacArthur, but I won't be able to go this afternoon.

C. Chapman got on a trolley car, finding that she had no change, handed the conductor a ten dollar bill.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry, Miss," said the conductor, "you'll have just 199 of 'em in a minute."

Miss Pfeiffer: What does n-e-w spell?

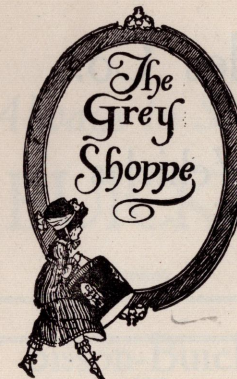
Franklin Gamwell: New.

Miss Pfeiffer: What does k-n-e-w spell?

Gamwell: Canoe.

He: "Do you think you can manage on my salary of fifty dollars a week, darling?"

She: "I think I can, but what will you do?"



Smart Hats
 for Misses and Juniors

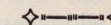


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 Complete House Furnishers

service at

Dorothy

the Eagle Office.

Roma Duker has entered Barnard in N. Y.

Alice Ferry is in training at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Conn.

Helene Lummus is in training at the House of Mercy.

Raymond Nelligan, one of our athletic stars, has entered Seton Hall in Pennsylvania.

Charles Baker is enrolled at Tufts.

Minnie Merriman has entered Syracuse University.

Normal.

Robert Acly has entered Williams at Williamstown, Mass.

The teachers, students and members of the Class of 1922 wish to extend their sympathies to the family of Mary Meagher, who was killed in an accident on Lebanon Mt. this summer. Miss Meagher was a graduate of P. H. S. in the June Class of 1922 and of Westfield Normal in the Class of 1924.

Kent 33

The Pittsfield High School football Kent preparatory school at Kent, Ct., points were scored in the first half when P. lar line up, as one of the cars, carrying Egremont and the players did not arrive "Fay" Controy, who has played two ye who has not reported for the team this y pressed into service. "Fay" really pla had no practice whatsoever.

In the second half the winners sco period was really outplayed as Pittsfield ing ground steadily when the game end

KENT

Palmer, r.e.
Boughton, Moore, r.t.
Pond, r.g.
Smith, Rich, c.
Burbank, Morchy, l.g.
J. Cheney, l.t.
B. Cheney, l.e.
R. Cady, (Capt.), Oakley, r.h.b.
Jones, f.b.
E. Cady, l.h.b.
Fearing, Muldauer, q.b.

Wings Bank

side and Dalton

Mr. Haven
Angelo, f.b.
Combs, Almstead, Rose, r.h.b.
Stickles, Combs, Whalen, q.b.

The remaining games on the High School schedule are:

Oct. 11. P. H. S. vs. Lee H. S. at Pittsfield
Oct. 18. P. H. S. vs. Dalton H. S. at Dalton
Oct. 25. P. H. S. vs. Adams H. S. at Pittsfield
Nov. 1. P. H. S. vs. P. H. S. at North Adams

Nov. 8. P. H. S. vs. P. H. S.
Anna Quirk: No I can't say I do, though I know most of the factories in town.

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K. Coughlin: Why not?
E. Paro: I don't know him.

Mrs. Bennet: Maloy name the presidents up to date.

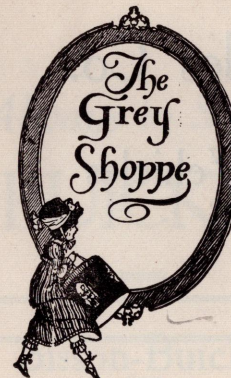
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Miss Pfeiffer: What does k-n-e-w spell?
Gamwell: Canoe.

He: "Do you think you can manage on my salary of fifty dollars a week, darling?"
She: "I think I can, but what will you do?"



Smart Hats
for Misses and Juniors



Cor. North and Linden Sts.

Alban's Prep. School, Washington.

David Dannybuski, our basketball champion, has entered Suffield Prep. School, Suffield, Conn.

Eleanor Gannon is enrolled at St. Elizabeth's College, N. J.

Eva Rosenbaum is listed at Cooper's Union in N. Y.

Gladys Gibbs is at your service at the Eagle Office.

Roma Duker has entered Barnard in N. Y.

Alice Ferry is in training at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Conn.

Helene Lummus is in training at the House of Mercy.

Raymond Nelligan, one of our athletic stars, has entered Seton Hall in Pennsylvania.

Charles Baker is enrolled at Tufts.

Minnie Merriman has entered Syracuse University.

Anna Lackey ex-'25 has entered Westfield Normal.

Clifford Rice is working at the Mountain Electric Co.

Neill Bridges is working at Bridges Garage.

Elizabeth Yeadon is enrolled at Virginia Intermont College.

Gladys Briggs has entered Berkeley Business College.

Helen Gridley is working at The Berkshire Loan & Trust Bank.

Laura Van Benschoten is working at the General Electric Co.

Louise Wolven is in the office at South St. Inn.

Lloyd Williams is enrolled at M.A.C.

Donald Steinway has entered R.P.I.

George Anderson is "At Home."

Of the February class we find—

Helen Beattie and Doris Acheson have entered Russell Sage, Troy, N.Y.

Elizabeth White has entered Boston University.

Pauline Wagner is enrolled at Wheaton College, Wharton, Mass.

Charles Van Buskirk has entered St. Stephen's, Anandale on Hudson, N.Y.

Ada McSweeney and Rose Simpkin are enrolled at North Adams Normal.

Dorothy Kane is at Framingham Normal.

Robert Acly has entered Williams at Williamstown, Mass.

The teachers, students and members of the Class of 1922 wish to extend their sympathies to the family of Mary Meagher, who was killed in an accident on Lebanon Mt. this summer. Miss Meagher was a graduate of P. H. S. in the June Class of 1922 and of Westfield Normal in the Class of 1924.

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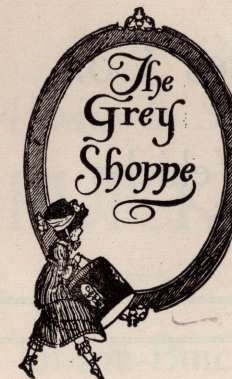
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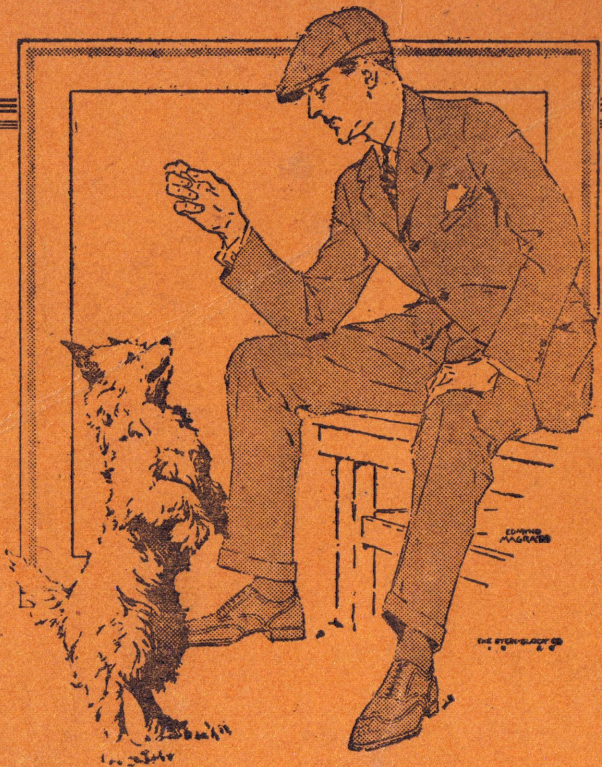
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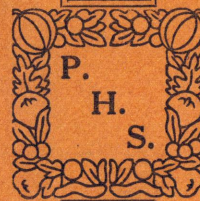
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1924*